

MILLY'S TANTRUM

By J. S. BROOKS

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She stood there before him like an avenging angel. She ignored the admiration gleaming from his honest gray eyes.

Then catching sight of his good-natured smile, she snarled:

"I—just hate people that never get angry—just smile, smile."

That remark deepened the smile on Neil Burnson's cheery face.

"But Milly, if you knew how exasperatingly pretty you look in one of your, hm!—tantrums. If you keep on—"

"Tantrums! It's honest to goodness disgust and indifference to any flattery you give me."

"As I was saying," resumed the imperturbable youth, "if you don't stop looking so aggravatingly charming, why, I shall be compelled to take you in my arms."

"That's just what I'm trying to make clear to you. You have done that for the last time! Here, there's no use to prolong the scene."

Milly stepped nearer, and snatching the ring from her finger, she crushed it down into his hand.

Her companion's eyes clouded a little as he answered:

"I say, Milly, aren't you carrying your little farce too far! It's only a trivial thing and you know it."

"Farce, indeed! Neil Burnson, there's another thing. You needn't order those flowers for me; I'll telephone myself."

Then the fellow "that never got mad" said hastily:

"See here, young lady, the next time I order any flowers for you, you'll wear them. And when you want that ring, you'll ask for it. Good-by."

And Neil was off. He didn't see the girl's face pale, he was too angry to catch sight of her outstretched arms.

Why Milly Clayton should drop into a chair and burst into tears when she had accomplished the thing she desired, was a mystery.

Half an hour later Milly called up the florist and made him promise an early delivery. She must have them early.

A picture the girl made in her shimmering party dress of pale green. It set off the healthy pink in her face, and her wavy brown hair, and her brown eyes, still emitting defiance that but gave a sparkle to the portrait.

She gave a pat to the silky folds of her dress, then looked at the clock.

"Eight o'clock, and no flowers have come! And I've patronized that florist for so long a time, I'll just leave him," she pouted.

She looked down at her girdle where the flowers ought to be resting. Then her glance traveled to her left hand.

"How queer it seems with n—no r—ring. But a girl can't wear everything," she argued inwardly. "Oh, it seems so—so lonesome—my ring and—hm gone."

She looked in her mirror and began to study the radiant reflection in it.

"Perhaps I was too quick, and childish—perhaps I—was," she drawled. "If I'm old enough to be a society woman, I'm old enough to have a little patience with Neil. He's such a boy! Besides, I do miss my ring and him!"

A loud peal at the doorbell startled her.

"There's the flowers. I'll go myself," she tripped down the stairs, and turned to open the door, and there stood Neil with a box of flowers.

The girl's face lighted unconsciously. The young man's heart beat faster.

"Why—y, Neil Burnson, didn't I tell you not to—engage—"

Neil threw out his hand.

"When a young lady, one's own fiancée,"—Milly's head lifted defiantly—"orders me on the telephone to bring her flowers early, I obey." He ended with low bow.

"But I telephoned to the florist," explained Milly.

"You thought you did, dear girl; but your numbers got mixed. So here I am ready to escort you to the party," and the shameless fellow calmly led the way to the living room.

Milly went over to the window, and with her emotions in a tumult, stood looking down the street.

Her companion produced from his pocket a little figure of a Cupid, which he placed on top of the telephone covering.

The girl with troubled eyes still gazed streetward.

Neil next took the ring and hung it on the tip of Cupid's arrow. Then he called:

"Come Milly, look at your lovely flowers. The girl turned slowly, caught sight of the ring sparkling its welcome, and with a little quivering sigh she cried out:

"Oh, my dear, darling ring, I've missed it so! And she eagerly snatched it from its place. Then she looked at Neil, who tried his utmost to conceal the mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

But Milly saw it and challenged:

"Why don't you say what a woman would—that 'if you wanted flowers from me you'll wear them; and when you want this ring you'll ask for it.' I do ask you for your ring, Neil, and I do want the flowers you bring. I found out how trivial I'd been as soon as you left me, Neil; I was so lonely!"

Neil stood patting the telephone.

"Good old telephone! You played a successful part as Cupid that time," he exulted.

HOW "OLD ORDER CHANGETH"

British Miner No Longer the Grimy Individual He Has Been So Frequently Pictured.

A new type of miner is being evolved at Atherton, Lancashire, through the growing popularity of the baths at Messrs. Fletcher, Burrows and company's collieries. At first only 10 per cent of the men used them; now the figure is 50 per cent. The miner now goes to work in tweeds and brown boots instead of his oldest clothes and clogs. He no longer beams the seats of tramways and railway carriages with the grime of his calling. Nor does he drive his wife to despair with the amount of work he brings into the house each day. He goes home spruce and well groomed, with no signs of the weariness so characteristic of the men "coming up."

"All the young men use the baths," said the keeper of the bathhouse. "Some of the older men don't."

"They are learning sense," volunteered an old miner. "And I wonder the women didn't teach it to some of them a bit sooner."

"Convenience!" His eyes twinkled. "Why, man, if I wanted to jazz I could bring my dress clothes here and be ready for the ball twenty minutes after I got out of the cage. No, I'm not going to start jazzing—not at my time of life. But I might be going to a directors' banquet one of these days. You never know in these times." Fifteen minutes suffice for a miner's bath. Men in a hurry take a little less, ladies a little more. They find their own soap and towels.—London Times

MAN WHO DOESN'T GROW UP

Just What Is Wrong With Individual Who Falls to "Keep Up With the Procession."

Insufficient occupation and the consciousness of not being of much use nearly always explain the man who does not grow up. There may have been a period in his life when he was an admired ornament of society, when his cleverness was applauded, when his violent assertions and rash criticisms and absurd resentments were listened to as the outpourings of an interesting and awakening mind and were valued perhaps for some facility in utterance; but the mind has not matured, perhaps because it never was forced to grapple with anything vital; and the facility in utterance that was a charm in youth has dwindled with years to peevish fluency in objection, censure and condemnation. The man who at twenty-five is still a dabbler, with a faculty for raising a laugh by his trenchant disparagements of the achievements of grown men, is likely at sixty to be complaining of the cooling and the weather, the high prices and the policy of the administration—or living only for the purpose of expressing his discontent with the universe.

A man needs time in which to grow up, but if he does not fertilize time with work he will be only the weed of a man.—Youth's Companion.

Quack Remedies.

"Bolshevism can't make this poor world of ours a heaven," said Mayor Cornell Schreiber of Toledo, O. "Bolshevism is a quack remedy, and the bolshevik remind me of Blanc."

"To Blanc, who had a cure for everything, Nore remarked that his overworked brother couldn't be induced to take a holiday.

"He's terribly run down," said Nore, "but he won't lay off—says he'd be lost without his profession."

"Humph," said Blanc, "What is your brother's profession, may I ask?"

"Chiroprapist," said Nore.

"Then," said Blanc, "the thing is easy. Let him take his holiday at the foot of a mountain or in the fertile corn country of the middle West and for holiday reading let him purchase 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' by Bunyan."

Miss M. Sieman, steam baths and Swedish Massage, ladies and gentlemen. Phone 897, Erodbeck bldg. 854.



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TURNING TABLES

By PEARL B. MEYER.

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Aunt Jane leaned over an open chest in the garret.

"What's this?" she queried, hauling out some white material.

Beckie, her niece, drew her brows together.

"That's the bureau scarf I started last winter. You didn't like the pattern, so I dropped it."

"H'm," said Aunt Jane, "What's this?" She pulled out something gay with colors.

"Oh, that's the table runner. I got so sick of it I never finished the thing."

"H'm. And this?" Another article was brought to light.

"Goodness me. I started that shirtwaist over a year ago. I'd forgotten all about it."

"Since you were old enough to remember," commenced Aunt Jane, "I have tried to impress on you the value of finishing what you commence."

"Do what you set out to do. This applies to greater things than bureau scarfs and shirtwaists. If you know a thing is right, go ahead with it."

"But, auntie," interrupted Beckie, this time successfully. "How am I to know that I can trust my own judgment?"

"Your conscience will tell you." Beckie, sitting humped over the toy of a trunk, pondered deeply.

"Then," she said finally, "if I start to do something that I am sure is right, I should not allow even you—even you, auntie—to swerve me from my purpose?"

"Exactly," returned her aunt, with a pleased nod. "Let's go down now. I want to take a nap."

The nap lengthened into a regular snooze. Aunt Jane was a sound sleeper. She was aroused finally by knocking on the door.

"It's half-past four," called Beckie. Aunt Jane arose hurriedly. Her simple toilet did not take many minutes. Giving a final hurried dab at her tightly twisted pug of gray hair, she moved toward the door. To her astonishment, it was locked. She rattled the knob vigorously.

"Beckie," she called.

"I'm so sorry," spoke a small voice close to the keyhole, "but I'm doing what you told me to do."

"Unlock this door," demanded Aunt Jane sternly.

"I can't."

"What do you mean?"

"Not until you promise me something," said Beckie meekly. "My heart tells me I am right. This is the only way. I've begged and begged and prayed; but you have always said no."

Aunt Jane's hands sank limply to her sides. Beckie had wittingly made her a prisoner.

"Beckie Stowell, let me out this instant."

"I will," came the pleading voice, "if you'll say that I may marry Dwight."

"Never," she raged. "Does that—that whippersnapper know you have done this?"

"No," in breathless haste. "I just asked him to come to supper tonight. I told him I had a real nice surprise for him."

"A real nice surprise," mimicked Aunt Jane; then, after a slight pause: "He will get it."

"Oh, auntie," Beckie's voice was full of tears—"then you can't come out. It's after five now. I've got to go downstairs."

Aunt Jane leaned weakly against the door, her thoughts in such turmoil that she was momentarily stricken dumb. The minister due at six. The table not set. The biscuits—. In an outburst of despairing rage, she beat on the door with her clenched fists.

"Beckie!" she shrieked. "Beckie! No reply. From the distant downstairs came little clattering sounds as of dishes being moved.

"It's twenty minutes of six, Aunt Jane."

"My biscuits!" wailed Aunt Jane. "You wicked girl, I shall never forgive you as long as I live."

These bitter words evoked a little sob from the free side of the door. A terrifying idea flashed into Aunt Jane's mind. Did the girl mean she might run away? All her wrath was swept away suddenly in a flood tide of love. She could never think of Beckie other than a child. That was why she would never listen to her talk of marrying.

"It's ten minutes of six," pleaded Beckie. "Oh—I heard the gate click." There was a momentary quaver in her voice. "Aunt Jane—Dwight is so dear." Her voice sank to a breath.

The jangle of the doorbell rang through the house. But to Aunt Jane's heart, Beckie's whispered words sounded louder than did the bell to her ears.

"Beckie," she questioned, "are you sure you're right?"

"Yes," came the answer with a quick intake of breath.

"Then you shall have him, dear."

The key rattled in the lock. The door swung open. Aunt Jane and Beckie stood face to face. At that moment the door-bell jangled most imperiously.

"My biscuits," gasped Aunt Jane. Beckie's face was glowing with sweet joy. "Don't you worry about those biscuits," she laughed. "Do you imagine I didn't want my engagement supper to be a success. Just go out in the kitchen and smell 'em."

NEBRASKA

—is our state. Its present constitution was written in 1875, but during the forty-four years that have elapsed the state has developed to a degree that demands a new and revised constitution.

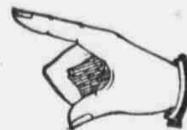
All statutes, all laws are based upon the constitution. Hence the necessity of having a broad document. That will be possible only if broad men sit in the convention; men who are actuated by patriotic intelligence rather than class prejudice.

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Notice is hereby given that the assessor in and for the Birdwood Irrigation District, Lincoln County, Nebraska, has completed the assessment for said district and has delivered the same to the secretary and the board of directors is hereby called to meet at the office of the secretary on SE 1/4 of Sec. 36, T. 15, R. 32 W. of 6th P. M., Tuesday, July 1st, 1919, to sit as a Board of Equalization and to hear all objections to the assessment. The said board to remain in session as long as necessary, not to exceed ten days, during which time all objections to the assessment and valuation will be heard and determined. Dated this 16th day of June, 1919. MARY C. McNEEL.

Notice of Special Election. Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of an order of the County Board, duly made and entered on the 16th day of June, 1919, and by virtue of the Statutes of the State of Nebraska, in such cases, made and provided, I, A. S. ALLEN, County Clerk of the County of Lincoln and State of Nebraska, do hereby direct and proclaim that a special election be held, in the several polling places throughout the County of Lincoln, State of Nebraska, on Tuesday, the 22nd day of July, 1919, between the hours of 8 a. m. and 8 p. m. of said day, at which said election, the following proposition shall be submitted to the legal voters of said county, to-wit:

Notice of Final Report. Estate No. 1599 of Abner W. Dillon, Deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska. The State of Nebraska, ss. Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is October 4th, 1919, and for settlement of said estate is May 28th, 1920; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on July 4th, 1919, at 2 o'clock p. m., and October 4, 1919, at 2 o'clock p. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed. (SEAL) WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

Notice to Creditors. Estate No. 1651 of Charles McDonald, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska. Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is October 4th, 1919, and for settlement of said estate is May 28th, 1920; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on July 4th, 1919, at 2 o'clock p. m., and October 4, 1919, at 2 o'clock p. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed. (SEAL) WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

Notice to Creditors. Estate No. 1623 of Dora Westensfeld, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska. Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is October 4th, 1919, and for settlement of said estate is May 28th, 1920; that I will sit at the county court room in said county, on July 4, 1919, at 2 o'clock a. m., and October 4, 1919, at 2 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed. (SEAL) WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

HERB HAMILTON Tax and Livery DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE

Phone 908. Black 898

NOTICE—DECREE OF HEIRSHIP. Estate No. 1639 of Anna M. Schwerdt, Deceased. In the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska. The heirs, creditors and all persons interested in said estate will take notice that on the 24 day of June, 1919, Lorence Schwerdt and John P. Schwerdt, heirs of said decedent, filed their petition herein alleging that the said Anna M. Schwerdt died intestate on or about May 27, 1919, a resident of Lincoln County, Nebraska, and that at the time of her death she was the owner of Lot 5 of Block 55, of the original city of North Platte, a homestead of less value than \$2,000 in said Lincoln County, Nebraska, and that no application has been made in the said state for the appointment of an administrator. That she left surviving her Mrs. Mary Lowe, a daughter, age 58, residing at North Platte, Nebraska; Lorence Schwerdt, a son age 46, residing at North Platte, Nebraska; Lorence Schwerdt, a son age 43, residing at North Platte, Nebraska; Viola Lamint Adamson, a daughter age 40, residing at North Platte, Nebraska; John P. Schwerdt, a son age 37, residing at North Platte, Nebraska; and a grand daughter age 27, residing at North Platte, Nebraska; Roy Gerkin, a grand son age 25, residing at Maywood, Neb.; Leonard Donaldson, a grandson age 18, living at Sedgewick, Col.; Marie Donaldson, a grand daughter age 8, residing at Sedgewick, Col.; Claude Donaldson, a grandson age 40, residing at Sedgewick, Col.; Jessie Donaldson, a grand daughter age 6, residing at Sedgewick, Col.; Clyde Donaldson, a grandson age 4, residing at Sedgewick, Col. That all the debts of said decedent have been paid, and said real estate is wholly exempt from attachment, execution of other mesne process and not liable for the payment of the debts of said decedent, and praying that regular administration be waived and a decree be entered barring creditors and fixing the date of her death and the decree of kinship of her heirs and the right of descent to said real estate. Said petition will be heard June 25th, 1919, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the office of the County Judge of said county. J10-3 WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

W. E. FLYNN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office over McDonald Bank. Office Phone 1136 Res. Phone 1190

NOTICE OF HEARING ON FINAL ACCOUNT. In the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska. In the Matter of the Estate of Hattie K. Andrus, Deceased. State of Nebraska, Lincoln County, ss. To all persons interested in the Estate of Hattie K. Andrus, Deceased. You are hereby notified that on the 6th day of June, 1919, William W. Andrus, administrator of the estate of Hattie K. Andrus, deceased, filed in said county his final account as said administrator, and that said final account will be heard on the 4th day of July, 1919, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., at the county court room in the city of North Platte in said county, and you are hereby cited to appear at the time and place above designated and show cause, if any, why said account should not be allowed and decree of distribution entered. It is hereby ordered that said administrator give notice to all persons interested in said estate by causing a copy of this order to be published in the North Platte Tribune, a listed in the North Platte Tribune, a said county, Nebraska, three successive weeks prior to the date set for said hearing. Dated June 6th, 1919. J10-3 WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

NOTICE OF SALE

In the Matter of the Estate of Lorin C. York, Deceased. Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of Hon. H. M. Grimes, Judge of the District Court of Dawson County, Nebraska, made on the 24th day of May A. D. 1919, of the sale of the real estate and School Land Lease hereinafter described, there will be sold at the East front door of the County House at York, in Dawson County, Nebraska, on the 7th day of July, 1919, at two o'clock P. M. standard time, at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash, subject to the incumbrances thereon, the following described real estate and School Land Lease, to-wit: All of Section 15, in Township 14 North, Range 28, Land Contract of purchase on the East half of the West half and the West half of the East half of section 16, in Township 14, North, Range 28, School Land Lease of the State on all of Section 15, Township 14, North, Range 28 which expires January 1st, 1929; All situated in Lincoln County, Nebraska. Said sale will remain open one hour. Dated June 5th, 1919. Administrator of the Estate of Lorin C. York, deceased. N. M. YORK, Attorney. J9-27

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate No. 1653 of Dave A. Reynolds, deceased, in the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska. The State of Nebraska, ss. Creditors of said estate will take notice that the time limited for presentation and filing of claims against said estate is October 11th, 1919, and for settlement of said estate is June 4th, 1920; that I will sit at the county court room in said county on July 11th, 1919, at 10 o'clock a. m., and on October 11th, 1919, at 10 o'clock a. m., to receive, examine, hear, allow, or adjust all claims and objections duly filed. (SEAL) WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.

NOTICE OF HEARING

In the County Court of Lincoln County, Nebraska, in the Matter of the Estate of Minnie Cornet, Deceased. To All Persons Interested in Said Estate. Notice is hereby given that Leonard Cornet on June 7, 1919, filed in this Court an instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Minnie Cornet, deceased, and which will relate to both real and personal estate and also a petition praying that said instrument be admitted to probate and that letters testamentary be issued to E. R. Goodman as Executor of the Estate of Minnie Cornet, deceased, and that said petition be heard before the County Court in the Court House in the City of North Platte, County of Lincoln, and State of Nebraska, on the 25th day of June, 1919, at nine o'clock a. m., at which time anyone may appear and contest the probate of said Will and show cause, if any there be, why letters testamentary should not be issued to said E. R. Goodman. Dated at North Platte, Nebraska, June 7, 1919. (SEAL) WM. H. C. WOODHURST, County Judge.